

"Hiccup," she said again, fiercely in guttural Norse. "I know that's you, so quit jabbering that foreign nonsense and explain to your father, the chief, where exactly you have been for the last ten years! Now!" She punctuated the last word by jabbing her finger into his breastbone, the attempting to repeat the gesture but failing because that oaf drew himself up and back, out of her reach.

Blarvaengr murmured a prayer to Loki - he would appreciate this - and arranged his face into the most condescending sneer he could muster. He blatantly looked his ex-fiancee up and down, appraising her, and then raised his voice deliberately, still in Gaelic. "Which idiotic lout brought this loud, disrespectful, whorish insult to her gender into this conference? Get back to your kitchen before the stew burns. On your back is where you belong, with a bellyful of a man's son if you're lucky, disease from all your customers if not. Your man better tighten the leash on his rabid bitch before I teach you your place, on the end of my sword." He gestured widely enough to encompass the finely-wrought steel blade on his hip, and anything else sword-like in that general region. They could interpret sword however they wished.

Astrid cringed when she noticed the predatory leers interspersed with looks of pity and disgust. She flushed scarlet and shrank in on herself, crossing her arms over her breast and trying to hide. Men were laughing and mocking her with ribald jokes by the time Stoick shouldered his way through the crowd and grasped her shoulder.

"I am sorry for this woman's ignorance," Stoick began, but cut himself off with an incredulous, "Hiccup?!" He recognized the scar across the young man's chin.

"Not you too!" exclaimed Blarvaengr.

"Son," breathed Stoick, stepping toward Hiccup, reaching out to touch him. The boy jerked away and immediately the blue man snapped what was clearly a command to stop in his own language, knocking Stoick's hand away.

Vikings snarled and hefted their axes and hammers; Scots, Picts, Hebrideans, and Eirish loosened their swords.

"Well," muttered Fergus, king of Alba and the host of the treaty site, "That escalated quickly."

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Hope you all enjoyed my ramblings, and that I didn't offend anyone too much with my insults to Astrid. I do actually like her, but I wrote this at a moment in time when I was sick of the inevitable and poorly written Hicstrid in every. single. story. This is technically a crossover: points to anyone who can guess the second story!

I've done a fair amount of research on the time period, geography, languages, etc. for another HTTYD fanfiction which I am currently writing. They probably wouldn't drink water, because most water was unsafe, but the things they would normally drink would not help with

the hiccups since they were alcoholic. Forgive me this artistic license - the story wouldn't work without it.

I also wanted to put the Gaelic and Norse into actual Gaelic and Norse, but I am not that confident of my language skills.

So, this was a bit of decompression from my long story. Loved it? Hated it? Want to insult me back? There's a Review button for all of that, just down there. I don't have a continuation in mind for this, but if you want to write one yourself, feel free!

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